SHENDUN, ROCKINGHAM CO., VA.
APRIL 15, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I will try to write every month for a year to get a nice present. I love to read the letters from the children. We didn't find it in the Bible about the king when he was seven years old. We will try and find it the next time. I will be glad when Sunday school begins. I love to go to Sunday school. I am glad we have a page for the children. I see so many children are writing for the paper. If this don't go to the waste basket I will write again.

Virgie L. Garland.

SHENDUN, ROCKINGHAM Co., Va.
Apr. 10, '94.

DEAR EDITOR:—I will try to write every month for a year to get a nice present. I am fifteen years old. The U. B. Sunday school will commence two weeks from Sunday. I love to go to Sunday school. We have very pretty weather now. The weather is looking fine and nice at present. My papa, mamma, sisters and I are members of the Progressive church. I have three sisters, and myself, and four brothers. I was at Miss. Hamers funeral last Sunday, she was in her forty-sixth year. It was at three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a big crowd. I read in the paper so many little children are writing with a lead pencil. I am in favor of having a page for the children and I will try and help fill it.

Good-bye,
Nettie A. Garland.

SHENDUN, ROCKINGHAM Co., Va.
Apr. 10, '94.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my fourth attempt to write for the children's column. We were going too move to-day and it rained. We are going to move to-morrow if it don't rain. I have thirty-seven cents. I was over to grandma's two weeks ,ago I found them all well. I ate three eggs at Easter. Two of my little chickens died. We are going to move to-morrow and take my little sister Hattie with us. I am going to be a good boy when I get up there. I have seven pigs. I want to go to Sunday school this summer. If this dont go to the waste basket I will write again.

Good-bye for this time,
Hunter A. Garland.

MAURERTOWN, VA., Feb. 22, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt to write for the children's column. My father, one brother and one sister are dead. I have four brothers and one sister living. We have no home and I have been living with strangers all my life. I now live with Dr. Shaver, he is the best man I ever lived with. I go to school. We have a good teacher. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I am a member of the Brethren church. Brother E. B. Shaver is our pastor; he is liked much by all. I must close hoping to hear from the children.

Good-bye, yours truly,
Rose Brinker.

ASHLAND, OHIO, Apr. 12, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I would like to hear from more of my little cousins. Our protracted meeting closed last Sunday evening. Bro. Haskins was our preacher. I wish all of the little boys and girls could have heard him preach. One night he preached on baptism, and told about a little boy who wanted to be baptized *in* the water, and his father told him that sprinkling would do as well. One day one of their geese died. His father told him to bury it. Afterward when the father went across the field he saw the goose with a little bit of ground sprinkled on it, he went home and asked the boy why he didn't bury the goose? The boy said he had done so. His father said he didn't, that there was just a little bit of ground sprinkled on it. The boy said you told me that I diden't need to be baptized that sprinkling would do. Then his father left him be buried in baptism. So many think that sprinkling is baptising, but I don't. My father, sister, brother and I were baptized during Brother Haskins' meetings. I am thirteen years old. I think youth is the time to serve the Lord. I hope you will pray for me that I may hold out faithful. We all think Bro. Haskins is such a grand preacher. I hope Bro. Homer will get well and come back with us. Did Joseph have any sisters?

Zella Rittenhouse.

You remember very well what you hear Zella. Homer and his papa and mamma will all be very glad to get back to Ashland.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONSECRATION DEMANDED.

CENTERVILLE, IOWA, Jan. 25th, '94.

Dear EVANGELIST: For the past three weeks the Methodists have been engaged in a revival effort at this place. The services are conducted by a Mrs. Harris. She is an able, earnest worker, but is constantly annoyed and crippled, by the fact that a large portion of the members of the church need conversion quite as much as those who make no profession of religion. I write this because I know that Methodists are not alone in this sad condition. Every where and among all that is the same. The disgrace of the Christian profession comes from within the church, from professedly its advocates but actually its spots and blemishes, her dead weights; yea, her most dangerous, most mischievous enemies. The sooner the sincere ministers will apply themselves to the conversion of the church the better for the church and the world. The church which will soonest and most vigorously apply herself to the accomplishment of this object will be the one to which

SINNERS WILL TURN FOR SHELTER.

As long as the church is a mere association for association's sake, so long will she fail to accomplish the object of the crucifixion. If every man and woman in the church could be truly converted to true religion and undefiled, the religion of Christ would sweep over the worl with the irresistidle force of an avalanche.

Why are the councils of the church so sparely attended? Why are so many able bodied members so often absent from the regular services? Wh are the prayer meetings and Bib classes abandoned?

WHY ARE MEMBERS SO EASILY OFFENDED?

Why do they speak evil of each other for every trifling cause? Why must able ministers abandon their field of labor and engage in secular pursuits to obtain a living? Why is the treasury of the church so often empty? Because too large a portion of the members have never experienced a true and thorough conversion. The church has come to be looked upon as a springed and cushioned vehicle, specially designed for insolent people to ride to heaven in ease and comfort, and in perfect unconcern for the wellfare of the rest of mankind.

Now let every member of the Brethren church who reads this consider the above inquries as being directed to him personally, and apply to himself the searching inquiry that went around the table at the Lord's last supper. *Is it I?* IS IT I?

LORD IS IT I?

Then proceed to the work of renovation under the conviction that there is no salvation in a half hearted religion, no salvation without sacrifice, "no cross no crown." Let this truth sink deep into every heart, to-wit: no man's profession of religion is worth the weight of a feather, unless it touches and gives character to all he says and does.

G. B. REPLOGLE.

A BIBLE CLASS AT WAYNESVILLE.

WAYNESVILLE, MO., Feb. 26, 1894.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST:—On Sunday, Feb. 4, and 11, we held two services—morning and evening, and gave invitation for members. Received one for baptism, from the Methodist church. We organized a Bible class with twenty-four pupils enrolled. Our superintendent is Bro. H. P. Metcalf. Assistant superintendant Bro. A. O. Humphrey. Sec., Bro. W. T. Toms. We ask an interest in the prayers of God's people. May God bless all the all of the church. "Savior more than life to me, I am clinging close to thee."

A. O. HUMPHREY.

How I know the voice and will of the Heavenly Father.

By hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, I gather a fund of knowledge which when properly arranged and classified becomes science.

Knowledge is acquired by the honest and careful exercise of the faculties.